

TELEMACHUS,

MENTOR.

CHORUS of Nymphs.

A BALYPSOL **B**

TELEMACHUS

THEATRE

M A S K.

B

Dramatis Personæ.

MENTOR.

CHORUS of Nymphs.

CALYPSO.

TELEMACHUS.

EUCHARIS.

The Fable is formed upon the Seventh Book of
CAMBRAY'S *Telemachus*.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS,

A
M A S K.

P R O L O G U E.

MINERVA, or MENTOR.

WHEN the bright Star, that ushers in the morn,
 Rose from the deep, to shine within their ken
 Who tread the surface of this blissful Isle,
 Far in the West amidst the Atlantic waves,
 I left the empyreal thrones: and with swift flight,
 Ere yet the Sun appear, have passed the realms
 Of boundless space that separate Jove's abode
 From earth's high-favoured orb. Strait have I veiled
 Minerva's glorious brightness, in the form
 That shrowds old Mentor's wisdom from the sight
 Of weak misjudging men. For 'tis my task
 (A task superior to all mortal toil)
 This day to save the pure untainted heart
 Of young Telemachus, his royal charge,
 From foul pollution, and the desperate woes
 That follow Virtue's loss.

The youthful Prince,
With unremitted zeal and perilous toil
Searching his Father thro' remotest realms,
Was thrown by adverse and tempestuous blasts
On this sequestred Isle: whose rocky bulwarks,
Washed by the billows of the boundless deep,
Forbid the cautious mariners approach.
But in the bosom of its sweet retreat
A mighty Goddess bears imperial sway,
Amidst a choir of bright immortal Nymphs,
With more than human power: yet not exempt
From such affections as mislead the race
Of wretched mortals, and perplex their steps.
And here his tender age must suffer peril;
Far other than amidst embattled hosts
Of mighty warriors, or the raging waves
That threat the mortal frame with nature's death.
For who of woman born, while buxom youth
Glowed in his veins, could e'er support unmoved
The near approach of beauty's dazzling charms,
And all the enchanting powers of female grace?
Who e'er withstood their soft attractive force,
Nor felt his bosom beat with fond desire?
But when that false insinuating flame
Hath touched the heart, and the polluted blood,
Like some destructive poison, hath received
The subtle seeds and principle of love;
Soon doth the infection spread throughout the mass,
And with resistless sway, and strong controul,
Seize on the mind; bear from their destined course

Its godlike powers, and mix in wild confusion
 Virtue's resolves with passion's fierce desires,
 And wisdom struggling with rebellious lust.
 Still as the flame prevails, each steady thought,
 Each former principle of virtuous deeds,
 The love of praise, the noble thirst of fame,
 Fly from before its wild outrageous force,
 Like clouds before the North. Yet all secure
 Amid these dangers does the unwary youth
 Supinely stray; nor guards his tender heart
 By cold reserve, or caution's timely aid.
 Soon shall he rue his blind unguarded steps
 Caught in the toil, from whence no mortal power
 Can gain his freedom; or restore his feet
 To wisdom's paths, and virtuous happiness.

But by the doubtful twilight I discern
 The Nymphs advancing thro' the sacred grove.
 Soon shall the Sun display his golden fires
 Above the horizon. Then the accustomed hour
 Calls to their pleasing labours. I retire.

CHORUS.

PARTHENOPE the principal Nymph speaks.

Softly tread, O virgin train;
 O'er the glittering dewy plain;
 Softly place your sounding feet
 Near the sacred bower's retreat;
 Lest any rude unhallowed air,
 Borne from your steps, should pierce her ear,
 While

While yet upon the flowery bed
 The Queen reclines her awful head,
 And yields the powers of her exalted soul
 To Nature's softest ease, and sleep's controul.

Let no rough sound, let no harsh noise,
 With sudden shock and rude dismay,
 Drive the gentle God away:
 But musick's soft harmonious voice
 Steal on her senses, and convey
 Sweet notice of approaching day.

But first, Leucothea, (happiest Maid!
 For 'tis thy pleasing task to braid
 The locks that deck her sacred head)
 Go, dear Virgin, and prepare
 The chaplet for her golden hair:
 Then while you place the purple vest,
 To veil the beauties of her breast,
 Our sprightly air and numerous verse
 Shall join their mighty power, and pierce
 The immortal mind with pleasing sense,
 Held in rapturous suspense.

'Tis thine, sweet Eucharis, to-day
 With warbling prelude to begin the lay.

'Tis thine, in sweetly flowing measure,
 Her gentle slumbers to dispel,
 And wake her soul to nobler pleasure.
 Haste, and bid thy sprightly shell
 Call Echo from her rocky cell.

E U C H A R I S

TELEMACHUS.

7

EUPHARIS sings.

Sweet Inhabitant of air,
Who wast once a Virgin fair,
Sweet Echo hear a Virgin's prayer,
And grant my fond desire;
Exalt my warbling voice, and swell my lyre:
Catch the dying sounds, and play,
With nimble bound and magick power,
Round Calypso's winding bower.

But, I adjure thee by thy love,
Gently, lightly, softly move:
Gently loose the bands that keep
Her senses closed in balmy sleep.
Gently, lightly, softly play;
In soft melodious whispers say
"The brightest of the starry Quire
"Long hath veiled his silver fire;
"O beauteous Queen, arise;
"For many a flower is blown to meet
"The pressure of thy snowy feet.
"All Nature doth again dispense
"Her various sweets to sooth thy sense:
"Unclose, bright Nymph, thy radiant Eyes,
"O lovely, beauteous Queen, arise."

LEUCOTHEA speaks.

Now cease, fair Virgin, cease the melting Strain,
That hath not pierced in vain.
The yielding mass of air;
With fond attentive ear

The

The Goddesses heard, and soon shall strike your fight
With charms more pleasing than the beams of light.

Mean time your wonted homage pay
In strains that suit the morning ray.

Now breath each voice, now sound each lyre
In louder strains and full harmonious Quire.

CHORUS.

Sound her praise and pierce the sky;
And every lute, and every voice employ
In bold expressive strains of joy :
Immortal strains of rapturous harmony.
Hail to the light that gives again
The Goddesses to her menial train!
Place on her head the royal flower,
Sweetest emblem of her power ;
Bear with reverence to her hand
The golden sceptre of command ;
And tell, who can, with what delight
The Nymphs confess her sovereign might ;
Ever impatient to obey
Her soft commands and gentle sway.

PARTHENOPE sings.

Daughter of Tethys * ! her unbounded power
The sounds, and seas, and utmost floods adore.
Oft they desert their strands and coasts,
And roll their tributary hosts
In dreadful homage, and in mountains curled
Swell the vast circle of the' astonished world.

* *Daughter of Tethys, viz. CALYPSO.* She is said by some Mythologists to be the daughter of TETHYS, Goddess of the Sea.

TELEMACHUS.

9

For thee a more delightful scene
Yields sweeter joys, and hails thee Queen.

Yet O! can Heaven or Earth convey

What may enrich the pleasures of the day?

The fragrant morning, or the blazing noon,

Or the still evening tempered by the Moon?

All, all be thine! and every hour employ

In constant sense of inexpressive joy.

CHORUS.

Change we now the solemn measure

To wanton notes and sprightly pleasure:

Such as tremble on the strings,

When the brisk Thalia sings;

When the sister Graces deign

To share our joys and fill our train;

When Love and Beauty's laughing Queen

On the flowery lawn is seen;

And Cupid, ever fair and young,

With quiver light and bow unstrung.

Haste, Thalia, sweep thy lyre,

With wonted art, and fancy's fire.

THALIA sings.

L

When Cupid lately hither strayed,

I caught him as he played,

And fondly pressed

The pretty wanton to my breast:

And tell me, little fluttering thing, said I,

Why man adores thy Deity?

C

"Because,

TELEMACHUS.

Because, said he, and shewed a dart,
 'Tis I alone can pierce his heart
 With thrilling joys and pleasing smart :
 Sweet Virgin, you shall try.
 Ah! no, said I,
 Pretty deceitful Boy!
 I need no pain to' enhance my joy.

II.

" The Nymph, who never cropt the rose,"
 Said he, " may dread the thorn :
 " But pleasure soon supplants his foes,
 " And turns the fear to scorn.
 " If ought there be in gentle Love,
 " That e'er a Virgin's mind should move
 " To fly its tender joys ;
 " Calypso sure hath tried the pain,
 " Yet still her every wish employs
 " To taste the sparkling cup again.
 " Such is the power of mortal men !

III.

But how the female fancy arms
 Their words and looks with piercing charms ;
 Or where the pleasing poison lies,
 In limbs, or locks, or cheeks, or eyes ;
 What honey from the lips doth flow,
 What makes the tender bosom glow,
 And melts the virgin snow —
 Is what a Virgin must not know.

Oh!

IV.

Oh! that I might! Nerine cried,
 'Twould ease my restless heart,
 To learn what joys by us untried
 That Boy can e'er impart.
 His face is fair, and so is mine;
 Soft is his form, and so is thine:
 Yet what, Thalia, canst thou give,
 What mighty joys, or I receive?
 O cease, said I,
 Nor vainly try
 Such secrets to unveil,
 Where fancy's power must ever fail.
 But sure there's something sweet in Love,
 Which twice Calypso deigns to prove.

PARTHENOPE.

See, she advances with the princely Boy;
 Salute her Ear in rapturous strains of joy.

CHORUS.

Hail to the morn that gives again
 The Goddess to her menial train,
 Who execute her blest commands,
 Thro' all the regions of her Isle,
 With nimble feet and ready hands;
 And wanton in her gracious smile,
 Gay as light, and free as air.
 What is that which men call care?

TELEMACHUS.

Happy Youth, whom Neptune's tide
Doth from a restless world divide!

Happier than our beautiful Queen,
Brightest Nymph that earth has seen,
Blooming with immortal charms,
To thee extends her snowy arms.

Seize the blessing, while 'tis thine,

Gentle Mortal! why delay?

Venus' blessings are divine:

Seize, oh seize them, while you may;

Venus loves the present day.

CALYPSO, TELEMACHUS, CHORUS.

CALYPSO.

Fair Youth, whatever sense of sweet delight
The eternal elements of these blest regions
Can yield to mortal spirits, fill thine heart
Throughout the day; refine thy tender mind
From dregs of earth, and gently lead thee on
To taste those joys, which yet thy lowly thoughts
Fly from with modest fear. And may the blasts
Of vernal airs, that fan these fragrant climes,
Drive from thy veins the foul and loathsome seeds,
That bear with rapid force all human race,
From tender infancy, thro' life's short walk,
To mouldring charnels, and the abodes of death.
But, by my favour, and immortal Love,
Thou shalt escape, fair Youth, in endless bliss,
The base conditions of thy mortal lot:
Yet not because thy blood is drawn from those,

Whom men call monarchs of their dreary deserts,
And mock with empty gifts of fancied power;
But that thy genius, at thine hour of birth,
Tempered the mortal mould with purer fires,
And formed those finer instruments of flesh
That aid the soul, and minister to thought,
Apt to receive the' expressive characters
Of such sublime conceptions as appear
Before the' eternal spirits of the Gods.

My gentle Virgins, with unwearied ear
Your Queen attended, and applauds your strains,
Arise, fair Nymphs, pursue your daily joys,
And share each pleasure with your favouring Queen.

My gentle Youth, whate'er thine heart suggests,
Speak without fear: although that rosy blush,
Love's sweetest hue, becomes thy glowing cheek,
And adds new graces to thy pleasing form.

TELEMACHUS.

O mighty Goddess, when the' Immortals speak,
Whate'er can best express, with liveliest signs,
Deep adoration, and submissive awe,
Becomes that mortal, whose blest ear receives
Those solemn accents, and harmonious sounds.
But who may dare gainsay their lofty thoughts?
For, as this vast stupendous frame of earth
(Whose smallest portion fills the bounded sight
Of those who tread its orb) contracts its space
In Hermes' view, when, soaring thro' the skies,

To

To Jove's high throne he bears his rapid flight:
Ere he arrive at Heaven's self-opened gate,
The' imperial cities, with their spacious realms,
The' enormous mountains, and extended plains
And all that heaves in ocean's boundless deep,
Shrink to an atom's space. So mortal wisdom,
And all those various powers and acts of thought,
That fill each region of this earthly globe
With deeds of high renown to mortal men,
Seem light, and vain, and like an infant's sport,
Scanned by the spirit of superior beings.
Yet all, that live, and move, and think, are stationed
By Jove's high wisdom, and eternal laws,
Amid such portions of surrounding element
As suit their frame, and feed their fond desires.
The towering Eagle, on strong pinions born,
Basks in the fields of light: The vast Leviathan
Rolls in the deep, and seeks his wanton sport
Amid the stormy billows of the main.
Can either change his native residence,
Or meet his pleasures in another's joy?
'Tis thus with man, whose more capacious powers,
More various passions, more extensive views,
Find kindred objects in his destined seat,
That yield his proper joys. These would he seek
Vainly in brighter realms, in nobler climes,
Amid the glories of superior Beings,
That suit not his weak sense and mortal frame.

CALYPSO.

CALYPSO.

These are the vain imaginary dreams,
Which inexperience forms, and youth's short date,
Misted by fancy, or reason's weak decision;
And far removed from those exalted truths,
Which nobler powers present to godlike minds.
For, with mysterious and all-piercing ken,
I view each region of this earthly globe;
And every act commenced by mortal men
Fills up the measure of my loftier thoughts.
But what appearance this unbounded scene
Presents to Gods, who dwell in blissful seats,
Far from the' attraction of its baleful influence,
Thy tender mind, fair Youth, may best conceive,
By likening things unseen to mortal sense.
Oft hast thou stood on yonder mountain's brow,
Amid the pure, serene, ambrosial air,
What time the blustering and ungoverned winds
Harrassed the distant main. Then all around,
The lowring sky, the' impetuous lightning's rage,
The' alarming thunder, the tempestuous winds,
The' unstable billows rolled in wild confusion,
Yield no false image of the troubled state
Of wretched mortals. The defenceless bark,
Amid the rage of warring elements,
Driven from her port, and dashed on viewless rocks,
Resembles Man: whom Jove's almighty will,
Unfathomed counsels, and mysterious wisdom,
Have stationed on this sublunary globe,
Amidst unnumbered instruments of ill

That war against his frame: Meantime his good
 Flies from his grasp, or mocks his wandering hopes
 With vain delusion, when unerring truth
 Hath spread her light, and chased those gaudy colours
 That Fancy's magick power diffused around.
 Say then, what fond imaginary charms
 Draw thee, fair Youth, to certain wretchedness,
 From blissful scenes, and everlasting ease.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Nature's unerring, fixed, eternal law.
 If to exist amidst those boistrous storms,
 To struggle with their rage, to stem the torrent
 With valiant courage, and unwearied patience,
 If this be misery, man is deeply cursed,
 And doomed by Heaven to voluntary woe.
 For these soft scenes, this everlasting ease,
 That fills thy loftier mind, immortal Queen,
 With heavenly sense of infinite delight,
 In vain would sooth his vigorous active powers
 With all its sweetness and untasted joys.
 Danger, and toil, and deeds of high renown,
 These form the pleasures of the noblest spirits
 That quicken mortal frames: nor are they blest,
 But in experienced worth and conscious valour.

C A L Y P S O.

I see the world, and all that it inherit,
 Wrapt in thick clouds, and compassed all around
 With tenfold gloom: then ever and anon

Some

Some glittering phantom plays before their eyes,
Dazzling their sight, and moves their quick pursuit
With headlong violence, and uncertain steps.
Oft the deceitful, unsubstantial form
Dissolves in air, and leaves the fond pursuer
With fainting limbs, and disappointed hope.
And many a wanderer, in his blind career,
Sinks in unbottomed dens and caves of Death,
To glut the rage of that insatiate Fiend.

Unnumbered errors crowd on human thoughts,
Seize on the mind, and hold in strong controul,
And slavish chains, its captivated powers;
'Till, long accustomed to the imperious sway,
It loaths the freedom of unbiassed truth,
With no less fixed aversion than the sense,
Long closed in darkness, flies the pleasing light.
What wonder then, sweet Boy, if thy weak mind
Hath paid the tribute of thy mortal lot?
But custom's gentle steps, and soft degrees,
Ere long shall elevate thine humble thoughts
To vigorous sense of more exalted pleasure;
And join thee in society with Gods,
Thyself a God. Meantime whate'er invites
The roving eye with promise of delight,
On hill or dale, in lawn or shadowy grove,
Or limpid current of mæandring stream,
Freely enjoy. But ye, my gentle Nymphs,
Ere I betake me to the accustomed bower,
Resume your pleasing strains. Myself, perhaps,
Will move the air with musick's sweetest sounds.

D

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Sweet Fancy, sweet mysterious Power,
 Who, in unlaboured song,
 Dost play on many a Dryad's tongue,
 Beside Calypso's bower ;
 And, with free charms, and artless grace,
 Their flowing numbers duly place ;
 Sweet Fancy, who shall now dispense
 Thy bright celestial influence,
 To guide the fond deluded Youth ?
 (For Fancy's oft the voice of truth)
 Whose melting harmony controul
 The jarring passions of his soul ?
 Awake the strings : for sounds inspire
 Ecstatic hope, sublime desire,
 And lead the' enraptured heart to prove
 The kindred joys, and harmony of love.

C A L Y P S O.

Bring me a lyre, and all attend in silence..

O D E..

I.

Ere yet the new-formed Sun
 His second course had run,
 The mighty King of Heaven came down,
 And on Olympus fixed the' eternal throne..
 There did the Sire display to fight
 A radiant form, and visage bright,
 Blazing with beams of uncreated light.
 The' inferior Gods were placed around ;
 Celestial musick gave its lofty sound ;

And

And thus to each their several powers were given
To be on earth the ministers of Heaven.

II.

‘ All that Omnipotence hath made,
‘ Let Love and Beauty’s power pervade;
‘ Cement the parts, their harmony maintain,
‘ And fill with life Creation’s vast domain.

‘ But chief on Man, great Queen, thy power be shewn.
‘ Behold thy subject prostrate to thy Throne.
‘ Fear not his towering thoughts and powers divine,
 ‘ His weaker half is wholly thine;
 ‘ There shalt thou find an ample seat
 ‘ For all thy train of soft desires,
 ‘ For soothing joys, delusion sweet,
 ‘ And passion’s raging fires.
 ‘ In distant prospect be displayed
 ‘ The deadly bowl, the murderous blade,
 ‘ The frantick youth, the’ expiring maid.
 ‘ Hark! I hear a nation’s cries!
 ‘ See the devouring flames arise!
‘ Imperial towers are crumbled into dust:
‘ O’er the wide ruin stalks the victor Lust.
 ‘ Thus ’tis ordained by sovereign Jove:
Be these the trophies of all-conquering Love.

The Muses sung, and strait before the sight
Appeared each image and idea bright:
Each element in sympathy conspired:
In silent ecstacy the Gods admired.

III.

But mighty thunders 'gan to roll,
 And shook the Scythian and the nether Pole:
 Then ghastly fights appeared,
 And dismal sounds were heard:
 The Songsters knew the' unerring sign,
 Again they raised the voice divine,
 And thus to Mars the song began,
 The' torturing Deity of helpless Man:
 ' Be thine to raise, and to controul,
 ' A nobler frenzy in his soul.
 ' Make ill his good: make toil and pain
 ' Charm like Beauty's golden reign.
 ' I see the bright embattled hosts,
 ' In warlike pomp and glory's pride,
 ' Fix the firm step, and calm heroick stride,
 ' Danger in front, and Courage at their side.
 ' The race is run,
 ' The deed is done,
 ' The bloody battle's lost and won.
 ' Furies and fiends have seized the screaming ghosts,
 ' And bear them far away.
 ' On earth's cold bosom lies the once loved clay;
 ' No more to beat with fond desire,
 ' No more the feat of heavenly fire:
 ' Nought but a mouldring putrid mass remains,
 ' To glut the vultur, and pollute the plains.

IV.

 ' Whose art divine and magick power
 ' Shall sooth with joy, his wanton hour,
 ' His

- His envious reason to beguile,
- Sweeten his woes, and crown his toil?
- Who but the Monarch of the Vine,
- Can charm his wakeful cares?
- What ease his heart but generous wine,
- And raise him to the spheres?
- Behold him in his rosy Bower,
- Filled with the inspiring God;
- With towering thoughts, and short-liv'd power,
- He reigns and gives his nod.
- Mirth on his left, and Fancy on his right,
- Enrich his sparkling cup with full delight:
- Danger his fond companion shares the bowl,
- Soothes his vain pride, dilates his swelling soul.
- But meagre Care
- With yellow cheeks, and matted hair,
- And Melancholy and Despair,
- Have left the blisful seat,
- With hasty steps and treachrous feet.
- Patient they wait aloof returning day,
- With trebled strength to seize their destin'd prey.

V.

Diana's praise inspired the following lay,
 With jocund sounds, and carols gay.

- Hark! I hear the jovial cry!
- The chearful horn
- Awakes the morn;
- The jolly hunter is not far;
- When once it's breath salutes his ear:
- Beside

- ‘ Beside him frisks the nimble hound,
- ‘ The’ impatient courser paws the ground,
- ‘ His brisk companions throng around ;
- ‘ Again they raise the jovial cry,
- ‘ The woods, the mountains, and the vales reply.
- ‘ Who now hath leisure to complain
- ‘ Of cares, and woes, and toil, and pain ?
- ‘ With other thoughts their breasts beat high
- ‘ In inexpressive extacy.’
- “ Life’s a rich, a boundless treasure,
- “ Sweetened with health and crowned with pleasure,
- “ Given to mortals to employ
- “ In jovial sports, and deeds of joy.
- “ Life’s an inexhausted treasure,
- “ Source of many a wanton pleasure.
- “ Take the treasure,
- “ Seize the pleasure ;
- “ Life’s in haste and will not stay,
- “ Seize the pleasure while you may.”

VI.

Dire scenes of horror next appear.
 Convulsions rocked the ground ;
 The regions trembled all around ;
 Stars from their orbits fell
 Plunged into chaos, and the abyss of hell.
 The sun was darkned in his mid career ;
 The moon bereav’d of light
 Fled from her sphere, and all was wrapt in night :
 All but the mount where sat the immortal powers
 Shrined in the splendour of their heavenly bowers.

'Twas then the inspired of Jove
 Declared the sovereign will,
 And at that dreadful hour,
 Armed with the sanction of almighty power,
 Opened the source of inexhausted ill:
 And thus denounced with awful grace,
 The dire mysterious curse on human race.

VII.

‘ Monarch! that on thine ebon throne
 ‘ Displayest thy dreadful state;
 ‘ Monarch! to thee we consecrate
 ‘ The perishable globe of earth,
 ‘ And all that rise to life and birth
 ‘ Below the regions of the changeful moon.
 ‘ Thy kingdom earth, thy subjects all that breath;
 ‘ Thy palace hell, thy minister be Death.
 ‘ Millions of spirits cloathed in clay,
 ‘ Crowd on the spacious plain;
 ‘ And each his short allotted day,
 ‘ Midst trivial joys and torturing pain,
 ‘ Pursues his weary melancholy way;
 ‘ With life’s fore toil, and grievous load oppress’d,
 ‘ Galled with the burthen, loth to be at rest.
 ‘ But soon arrives the fatal hour,
 ‘ Death and Hell assert their power.
 ‘ Vain Man! thy tale is told,
 ‘ Thy charnel’s built, thy knell is knoll’d.
 ‘ Scared!

TELEMACHUS.

- ‘ Scared with the sound
- ‘ He stands aghast ;
- ‘ He throws his frantick eyes around,
- ‘ And all that’s past
- ‘ Flies like a dream ; whate’er’s to come
- ‘ Lies far beyond the clouds, and wrapped in tenfold gloom.
- ‘ Oh dreadful change ! oh horrible decree !
- ‘ Oh helpless man ! oh mortal misery !
- ‘ My god-like powers are moved ;
- ‘ My heart hath learned to quake ;
- ‘ My loosened joints to shake ;
- ‘ I see a globe like earth
- ‘ Strewed with the limbs of all that e’er had birth :
- ‘ O’er the pale ghastly forms and mangled clay
- ‘ Horror in triumph broods, and guards his prey.
- ‘ But O poor corse, oh once of heav’n beloved,
- ‘ Where is the Spirit, where that power of thine
- ‘ That ministred to sense, and thought divine ?
- ‘ Therefore the sun, and all the lights on high,
- ‘ Fled from their stations in the vacant sky :
- ‘ For Man the’ almighty raised their glorious fires :
- ‘ But Man is nought ; and light with Man expires.

VIII.

- ‘ My work is done :
- ‘ Before thy throne
- ‘ I cast the radiant starry crown
- ‘ And with low reverence bow me down.
- ‘ Parent

- Parent of all things! Lord of power and might!
- Just are thy ways. Whatever is, is right.

TELEMACHUS, EUCCHARIS.

TELEMACHUS.

Fair Nymph, while all attend their beauteous Queen,
Deign to wait here with me, and to deceive
The tedious moments with thy sweet discourse.

EUCCHARIS.

Most willingly, young Prince. When you command
'Tis sense of sweetest pleasure to obey.
And can thine heart, that seems by Nature's hand
For gentle deeds and soft compliance formed,
Resist the fond intreaties of our Queen?
But O! if she prevail not, what can I,
The last and lowest of her menial train?

TELEMACHUS.

Oh say not that, fair virgin, nor dishonour
Thine heavenly merit, nor withhold that voice
Which strikes more sweetly on my ravished sense,
Than sounds of musick, or the speech of Hermes,

EUCCHARIS.

Nay, gentle youth, the' excess of praise is blame.
Yet, if my humble voice and artless accents
Have power to move thine heart with soft persuasion,
Oh stay; nor tempt again the faithless flood,

E

Which

Which shall, perhaps, o'erwhelm thy graceful head;
 Nor seek a wretched, vain, tumultuous world
 That hath no joys, no pleasures worth thy care,
 Oh godlike youth! but in this sweet abode
 Taste and impart immortal happiness:
 Nor leave the Goddess, who adores thy worth,
 To deep despair and endless misery.

When late Ulysses spread his swelling sails,
 With bitter anguish long she mourned her loss,
 Her desert empire, and her widowed bed.
 Yet was not he by bounteous Nature formed,
 Like Thee, with every charm and art to please,
 And touch the' enlivened heart with soft delight.
 Sure there are secret charms, mysterious powers
 In blooming youth and manly gracefulness,
 That crown our joys and double all our pleasures.
 All that delighted once, seems tasteless now
 Without thy presence to enhance each joy.
 And canst thou fly from her, whom lofty nature,
 Immortal beauty, and unrivalled worth,
 Should give to share thy bed, enjoy thy love,
 And mix her heart with thine in sweet communion?
 O let me plead for her! for thou art gentle,
 And wilt at least forgive th' officious tongue
 Of humble duty' and reverential love.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh cease, fair creature, for I now repent
 My rash desire, that hath employed thy lips,
 Thy charming voice, and heavenly eloquence

In soft requests which I must needs refuse.
 And he that can refuse what thou canst ask,
 With heart unmoved, must sure be more than savage.
 But know, fair virgin, that my destiny
 Tears me away from these soft scenes of ease,
 And thy society their sweetest charm.
 A youth like me must spend his vigorous age
 In hardy toil and discipline of war;
 In high exploit and dangerous enterprize.
 For these, so Mentor says, whose sage experience
 Fashioned my mind, and formed my earliest youth,
 Will elevate the soul beyond the reach
 Of vulgar spirits, and enlarge her powers
 By mighty laws, mysterious principles,
 Which he calls virtue; whose sublime decrees
 Are Jove's own will, and fashioned to the standard
 Of wisdom's purest rules.

E U C H A R I S.

But where's the need
 To rush on misery, and to seek destruction?
 Sure toil, and pain, and death are evil things,
 And 'tis the truest wisdom to avoid them.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Not so, fair Nymph, for such is mortal life,
 That war, with all its train of miseries,
 Doth oft become the cure of greater ills.
 Therefore the wise and good prepares his breast

TELEMACHUS.

To meet those storms, from which he cannot fly,
With practiced courage, and habitual patience.

E U C H A R I S.

O foolish men ! that live in strife and hatred,
When nothing is so sweet as peaceful love.
But sure 'twere wise to leave such savage creatures,
That can delight in cruel deeds of rage ;
And to unite thy soft and god-like nature
With gentle beings who will ever love you,
In harmony, and innocence, and peace.

T E L E M A C H U S.

It may not be : for still there is a voice,
A mighty voice, that calls me hence away.
I mean, fair Nymph, an inward principle
That with strong power, and restless influence
For ever acts on great and generous spirits :
The vast insatiable desire of fame,
Immortal fame !

E U C H A R I S.

I cannot speak of this ;
For what is fame did never reach my thoughts.

T E L E M A C H U S.

Fame is the voice of thousands, praising those
Whom great achievements, or exalted spirits
Mark and distinguish from the vulgar race :

Their

Their names are sounded, their exploits rehearsed
Thro' various nations, whose far-distant shores
Their feet have never trod ; nor death itself
Can raze their names from memory's ample page.
But when the' ethereal fire that warmed the flesh
Shall be extinct, and those heroick limbs
That wrought amazing and transcendent deeds
Are changed to ashes, or dissolved in air,
Their glory still remains (transporting thought !)
In lasting records, and immortal verse.
And these are sung to lead aspiring youth
By great examples, and to raise their minds
By glory's charms, and hopes of equal praise,
Perhaps in future ages, when the sun
Thousands of years hath run his wonted course,
Some pious fire shall teach his youthful race,
' Thus did Ulysses, thus Telemachus :'
' Remember this, my sons, and be like them.'
For such bright hopes alone, such vast rewards
Of noble duties which the Gods enjoin,
Can I leave thee, fair virgin, and forego
My heart's fond wish, and dearest inclination ?

E U C H A R I S.

O were it so, thou couldst not sure depart,
(As seems to my weak thoughts) nor wish to change
Such real blifs for trifles light as air.
Can sounds give pleasure that ne'er reach the sense ?
Or can the voice of universal praise
Delight the spirit that no longer thinks ?

Surely

Surely 'tis happier far, and therefore wiser,
 To breath, and think, and lead immortal life
 Amid sweet joys that play on every sense,
 Than to be dead, that men may speak thy name,
 And utter sounds which thou shalt never hear.
 Wilt thou for this engage thy tender youth
 In wretched toil, and savage cruelty?
 And shall those beauteous limbs (O woe is me!)
 Be torn and mangled in the bloody field,
 And waste away in vile impure corruption?

TELEMACHUS.

O fairest creature, dost thou weep for me?
 Oh let not those bright eyes o'erflow in vain,
 For ought that can befall a wretch like me.
 What shall I say or do to give thee comfort?
 Shall I undo myself, and stay with thee?

EUCHARIS.

No, if 'twill make you wretched, do not stay:
 'Twere better we should ever mourn your absence,
 Than you should feel a moment's wretchedness.

TELEMACHUS.

O sweetest, gentlest, tenderest, best of creatures!
 Say but you love me, and I'll stay for ever.

EUCHARIS.

I do, heaven knows, far better than myself.
 Can I not love a gentle tender youth,
 Who is all grace, all beauty, all perfection?

Then

TELEMACHUS.

31

Then you'll consent to stay.---Oh let me fly
And bless my gracious sovereign with the news.

TELEMACHUS.

Stay, Eucharis: you drive me to distraction.

EUCCHARIS.

What have I said or done that gives you pain?
Alas I would not for the world offend you.

TELEMACHUS.

O fairest creature, were thy gentle bosom
Touched with the smallest spark of tender passion,
Thou couldst not sure rejoice that I should stay
To fill Calypso's arms, for Love is ever
Severely jealous of his sacred rights.
Could I e'er give thee to another's love?
Sooner shall earth torn from its firm foundations
Forsake the centre, and direct its course
Beyond the genial influence of the sun.

EUCCHARIS.

Nor could I, gentle youth, as seems to me
Love other Man or God, but thee alone.
Nor did my thoughts or wishes ever frame
More pleasing joys, more exquisite delight
Than to behold thee daily, blest thyself,
And blessing her, whom I have ever served
With dearest love, and humblest adoration.
Then wouldst thou not disdain, I've often thought,

To

TELEMACHUS.

To sport amid the nymphs ; to plant the toils,
 To hear their songs, and mingle in their dance ;
 And worthless Eucharis might sometimes share
 The charming pleasure of thy social converse.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh heavenly innocence, transcendent maid !
 Will you then be my love, and share with me
 The sweet delights that flow from youthful hearts
 In perfect union joined, and harmonized
 By fond consent of every thought and wish,
 And mutual transports of endearing passion ?
 What says my love ? or does that glowing blush
 Give sweet assent, and tell me I am blest ?
 My love ! my life ! my soul ! but words are weak
 To' express the' unbounded transport of my joy.

EUCCHARIS.

I 'am glad that my weak charms can give you pleasure.

TELEMACHUS.

By heaven you do. Such vast excess of bliss,
 Such extacies of infinite delight
 As I ne'er felt till now, nor knew before
 What happiness might fill a mortal breast.
 'Tis not, as thy sweet lips have well pronounced,
 In glory's charms, or idle dreams of fame ;
 In old men's saws, or virtue's dull pursuit ;
 In courts, or thrones, or toilsome pageantry ;
 'Tis to be loved, my fair, by such as thee.—

If

If thro' the wide extended worlds of Jove;
 Thro' earth's vast regions, or the tracts of sea;
 Or in the golden palaces of heaven,
 Be found one Goddess that can vie with thee,
 Or kindle raptures like to what I feel.
 Those heavenly features, those soft radiant eyes,
 Those beauteous limbs—Oh! I could gaze for ever!
 Oh let me press those lips whence wisdom flows—
 But see where Mentor comes, retire, my fair:
 And soon my fond impatient heart, that loaths
 The tiresome counsels of his peevish age,
 Shall bear me to my love.

E U C H A R I S.

I 'am loth to part;
 And I 'am ashamed to join the virgin train.

TELEMACHUS.

Thy native excellence shall ever guard
 Those beauteous cheeks from shame: what fears my love?

E U C H A R I S.

A secret trouble that I never knew,
 Mixed with unusual sense of sweet delight
 Steals on my fancy, and divides my thoughts.

TELEMACHUS.

'Tis so with me. Tis love's resistless power,
 Which thus with gentle doubts and soft alarms
 F Prepare,

Prepares our tender hearts for perfect bliss.
But he's at hand; my sweetest love, farewell.

MENTOR, TELEMACHUS.

MENTOR.

Prince, from the brow of yonder lofty rock
That fronts the western limits of the world,
Appears a vessel on her anchor stayed,
And riding in the calm. The new risen sun
Plays on her shrouds, and gilds her slackned sails.
Perhaps from Tyre she seeks the well-known coast
Of great Hesperia; or by boistrous winds
Compelled, as we, o'ershot the' Herculean straits,
And plowed the bosom of the' unbounded main.
Ere evening hour approach, an aged pine
Torn from her root, and hollow'd by my toil,
Her branches lopt, and shaped like pliant oars,
Shall safely waft us o'er the level brine,
And gain the friendly bark. What then forbids
With eager haste to seize the blest occasion?

TELEMACHUS.

Why should we quit this soft delicious seat
Of more than human bliss, which Jove hath crowned
With sweets unknown amid yon dreary wilds,
Where wretched mortals drag their joyless days,
Harrassed by fierce contending elements?
Beneath this calm and ever cloudless heaven,
Henceforth I mean to breath. No more to feed

A sad

A sad precarious life with baleful draughts
Of yon corrupted air ; nor tread again,
With wearied feet, the wild and rugged cliffs
Of wretched Ithaca.

MENTOR.

I hoped, young Prince,
Thy manly virtue, formed by early toils,
And exercised in unremitted dangers,
Had stood on firmer base ; nor deigned to yield
Its glorious crown an unresisting prey
To the first soothing of lascivious ease.

TELEMACHUS.

Say rather, Mentor, that my wandering thoughts,
Long tost midst airy, unsubstantial clouds,
Shadows and phantoms, dreams of fancied good,
Have found whereon to rest : my shattered bark
Hath gained her port, and ne'er again shall hoist
Her waving canvas to the sportive wind,
Or trust her treasures to the faithless main.
Oft have you told me that my virtuous toils
In war's alarms, or in the perilous deep,
Should end in rest and bliss. I feel it now :
I feel an inexpressive soft delight
Reign in my breast, and thro' my soul diffuse
Undoubted presage of immortal bliss.

MENTOR.

Far other rest, far more exalted bliss

I promised to your hopes, than ought contained
 Within the bounds of this sequestered nook.
 Such as might well succeed an hero's toils,
 A patriot's cares, and crown a monarch's virtue
 With sweetest sense of pure sublime delights.

TELEMACHUS.

I know not what imaginary bliss,
 What airy notions, what fantastick joys
 Have soothed with hopes thy frozen tasteless age.
 Sublime, perhaps, and loftier than I need.
 But such as fit my genial blooming youth,
 Heaven's sweetest gift, which raise my bounding heart,
 And give brisk motion to my nimble spirits;
 Which reason dictates, which experience warrants,
 Such do I taste and feel. and such I'll hold;
 Nor cast away my sweet delightful treasure,
 For empty words, and all that can result
 From the false colours of delusive eloquence.

MENTOR.

'Tis just you should. And be assured, young prince,
 What reason warrants, stands for-ever fixed,
 Like the foundations of the' Hesperian coast.
 In vain the currents of the 'Atlantick main,
 Roll their strong tides, and join in fierce assault,
 With the mad violence of the roaring winds,
 'To thunder on its base: their idle force
 Broken recoils, and but displays to view
 Ocean's vain rage, and earth's unrivalled strength.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS.

'Tis truly said. And thou hast ever been
The faithful guardian of my tender age :
Hast formed my mind, and taught my thoughts to flow
By reason's laws, and ne'er to give the rein
To the' headlong dictates of impetuous passion.
Yet in thy turn, let sober truth o'errule
The biased judgment of thy chilly blood ;
Nor let the sour austerity of age
Lead thee to censure, with misguided zeal,
What sure thy wisdom would direct to chuse,
Wert thou as I : thy senses in their prime,
Vigorous and fresh ; thy fancy unimpaired ;
And all the youthful instruments of pleasure,
Lively and perfect in thy mortal frame.

Amid the tumult of the bustling world,
Dangers, and snares, and false perfidious men,
'Twas just to fly each transient gust of pleasure,
That might unnerve the vigilant active spirit,
And charm it to its bane. But those once past,
The noble task performed, the post maintained,
Heaven's will fulfilled, what now forbids my youth,
Arrived at full security of bliss,
'To taste the cup, and pluck the golden fruit,
With free unsparing hand ? 'Tis nature's law,
Her first, inviolable, eternal law,
'That each should freely take whate'er she gives
Freely, nor balanced with ensuing ill.

MENTOR.

MENTOR.

But with what good, what mighty scenes of joy,
Hath fond deluded fancy mocked thy hopes ;
What pleasures, worthy to employ the years
Of Mentor's charge, of great Ulysses' son ?

TELEMACHUS.

And can'st thou ask ? or think'st thou hoary age,
That hath unnerved thy feeble shattered frame,
And dulled thy mind to every sense of joy,
Hath altered nature's laws ? Shall I not feel
Because my grandfire sleeps within his tomb ?
Or taste the sweets of this delightful scene,
For that old Mentor's age is cold to all
That Jove hath formed to charm my genial youth ?
Know I will ne'er abandon this sweet isle,
Fit haunt of Gods, to roam yon dismal seat
Of Nature's rage, and elemental strife :
Nor for the vile society of man,
Perfidious, fierce, destructive, lawless man,
Forsake these tender, bright, immortal Nymphs,
Formed in the pride of beauty, nature's boast.
Their charming innocence, their gentle minds,
Their heav'nly wisdom—yet perhaps to thee—
Nay think not, Mentor—yet too well I know—
But still—because—Mentor, 'twas ever thus ;
My modest heart has ever thus been awed ;
Nor dared oppose even reason to thy will,
But with confusion and false marks of guilt.

MENTOR.

MENTOR.

Prince, be collected. Where no guilt hath seat
Within the peaceful and unconscious breast,
No shame should stain the cheek. nor think 'tis guilt
That weak, dimfighited man should oft desire
With ardent wishes, and impetuous zeal,
What passion offers tricked in reason's garb,
And varnished o'er with semblance of his good.
For youth, and age, and every state of man
Is prone to error: oft involved in clouds,
Oft lost in darkness, oft confused by lust.
But him shall Jove approve, whose stedfast mind
Examines, and compares with scrupulous awe,
Unwearied diligence, unbiaffed zeal,
Whate'er invites his craving appetite
With hopes of good: and spurns each empty joy
That with false lustre sparkles to his sense;
Unapt to fix his hopes, bound his desires,
Or fill the depth of his capacious soul.
Here rest we then. Let reason poise the balance.
Let firm, severe, impartial truth prevail.
Is't wise to stay? Myself will first approve.
Doth Truth forbid? obey her awful call.

TELEMACHUS.

I will most gladly: so assured I am,
That truth and my inclining are but one.
Else might I think that all, whatever reached
With clearest marks, and evidence of sense,
The

The' internal seat of thought, were false and vain,
Disjointed visions of fantastick sleep.

To stay, is to prolong a gentle life
In softest pleasures, and immortal youth.
But to depart, to spend some gloomy days
In toil, and sorrow, soon to end in death.
And sure, howe'er the boiling blood of youth,
Wild frantick courage, or the dread of shame,
Prompt us to seek, or stern necessity,
Teach to submit to what we cannot shun;
Yet sure is death, if poised in Wisdom's scale,
The worst that man can bear or thought conceive.
To die! to lose this fond, this active being—
Worthless indeed among yon scenes of woe—
But say twere blest.—Could nature make the choice
To be no more! to rot with senseless clods!
To give this god-like form to glut the worms,
And all the' inhabitants of earth's dark womb?
Some say the spark of heavenly fire unquenched,
Survives the shattered frame. Yet where she wings
Her solitary way; what untried shape,
What climes receive her, or what good awaits,
Spoiled of her powers and instruments of act,
Who e'er hath said? who e'er return'd athwart
The vast unfathomed gulph? what God appeared
To ease our doubts, and calm the trembling soul,
Vexed with its boundless fears? The past is ill:
Why not the future? For that Jove is good,
We know it not. For what doth man inherit,
But countless ills, tempered with trivial joys,

The

The poor result of daily craving wants,
Eased of their fierce desire? hence nobler souls
Cloyed with the tasteless and disrelished good,
Seek their employment in acknowledged ill,
Danger, and toil, and pain. is this denied?
Or seest thou ought therein, that may proclaim
The almighty's bounty, and paternal care
O'er weak defenceless man? is ought in this
Whereon to fix his hopes of happier hours,
In other worlds and fancied realms of bliss?
Ne'er then will I return, to share with men
Their desperate life, and drink its bitter dregs,
Pining old age, diseases, pain, and death:
No, Mentor; long have I obeyed thy voice,
The best and wisest of our human race.
But now a greater power informs my soul,
With heavenly light, and truth's undoubted rays.
Its sacred influence with unknown delights,
Fills my dilated heart: more certain proof,
Than subtilty of laboured argument,
Which ne'er shall shake or change my fixed resolves.
Here will I stay: do thou as seems thee good.

MENTOR.

If so, farewell. Yet hear my parting voice,
With calm attention and unbiaſſed ear.
Much it imports thee, if impartial truth
Can sway thy mind; if where she rears her torch,
Unpassioned choice shall guide thy resolute steps.
Thus then hath sacred converse with the Gods

G

Informed

Informed my mind. Thus doth supreme Minerva,
Thy mighty father's guardian power, and thine
By me address thy yet unlightened soul.

Think not this rude, unfashioned frame of earth,
This dark abode, this fruitful soil of woe,
The proper seat of those immortal powers,
That act awhile within its troubled sphere.
'Tis but the fire to prove the massy gold;
The stormy sea to shew the vessel's strength;
The valiant foe to enhance the victor's glory.
Hear then the portion of the virtuous dead.

Soon as the loosned spirit hath left the clay,
Around him stand in shining forms arrayed,
The guardian Genii of his natural days:
The Powers whose friendly care unseen, unfelt,
Had shielded oft his weak defenceless breast,
From worse than mortal foes. Anon they cloath
The shapeless soul with lineaments divine,
And pure celestial sense. All nature strait
Seems changed its form and powers. Then earth's vile dross
No more can reach, with sense of joy or pain,
The pure perception; nor its cumbring power,
Chain to its sphere those essences refined:
But up they start, and with unwearied wings
(Soon past the regions of gross smoaky vapour)
Fan the pure æther. Each new moment brings
Some wond'rous vision to the enchanted sense;
And all the while the harmonious worlds around,
Mute, and unheard by ears of flesh and blood
Raise heavenly extasies. Beyond the star,

That

That guides the motion of this rolling orb,
 And stays one point unmoved, there is a place,
 Ample in length and breadth, an heavenly temple.
 In that the' Almighty's throne. There Jove displays,
 At stated periods, his mysterious essence,
 Defined by shape, and circumscribed by bounds,
 Such as may touch the sense of those weak beings,
 Himself hath deigned to form. Thither resort
 Those blissful spirits, whose propitious star
 Led them untainted thro' their mortal course:
 Who spurned those trifles that allured their sense,
 Those vain, those trivial toys—

TELEMACHUS.

I'll hear no more :
 Envious old dotard—hence with thy dull saws,
 Thy fulsome tales—because thy joys are past,
 I must have none—or say 'twere all a dream ;
 Who thanks the wretch that breaks his golden slumbers,
 And wakes his sense to hear the ill-omened screams
 That make night hideous ?—but I'll not believe't—
 Or if I did—But thou, because my youth
 Too soft and pliant, with obedient ear
 Hath ever heard thee—Yes, I know thee, tyrant—
 Tis thy delight to lord it o'er my mind :
 To tear my heart—to rack my inmost soul—
 To blast my perfect bliss—

MENTOR.

If such your bliss,
 Why not enjoy it ? why these storms of rage ?

TELEMACHUS.

Ay, now exult : now triumph, that your words
 Have art to vex my young unpracticed mind.
 Yet you're deceived : for calm and undisturbed
 I'll tread my destin'd course. Those heavenly joys
 Which thou hast slandered—false injurious dotard—
 Think'st thou thy tongue can poison my delight ?
 Or if it can, at least I'll have the joy
 To hate and fly thee as my deadliest foe.

MENTOR.

Dear youth, be calm.

TELEMACHUS.

I'll ne'er be calm again :
 My soul is all on fire : contending passions
 Shake my whole frame ; and thus I give the rein
 To my impetuous rage, thus tear my hair,
 With desperate hands—Oh that I now were placed
 Midst charging hosts, and such tempestuous scenes
 As suit the dire commotions of my soul !
 Then shouldst thou see—

MENTOR.

Behold the virgin choir :
 Conceal your rage ; and if your purpose hold
 Till evening hour, bring the declining ebb,
 Stay here with prosperous omens, while I go
 To meet thy conquering fire, the great Ulysses,
 And

And bear the dismal tale. Illustrious hero!
 He hoped—but Fate hath blasted all his hopes.
 Adieu, unhappy youth, perhaps, for ever.

CALYPSO, MENTOR, SEMICHORUS.

CALYPSO.

Did I not see the prince, with hasty steps,
 Fly from the grove? why did he shun my presence?

MENTOR.

Goddeſs, he went, but much diſturbed in thought,
 His breaſt inflamed with Paſſion's raging fires.

CALYPSO.

What worthy cauſe had ſtirred his gentle mind.

MENTOR.

For that I urged, great queen, with earneſt zeal,
 Inſtant departure from your bleſt domains.
 For near the ſhore, by Jove's all watchful care,
 Or by Minerva's ever favouring power,
 Is brought, and there delayed by gentle calms,
 A Tyrian veſſel. But the youthful prince,
 His mind unnerved by Sloth's deceitful charms,
 And dead to nature's and to glory's call,

Denies

Denies to go ; and rather will devote
His valiant youth to soft voluptuous ease.

CALYPSO.

Now, by my godhead and unfading crown,
The prince is wise ; and, Mentor, you have erred,
To vex his gentle and unsettled thoughts,
With needless scruples, and misguiding fears.
Do thou, if ought can sooth thy hoary age,
Remain in peace, or sail with favouring winds :
The prince shall stay ; and from my gift receive
Immortal powers, and ever blooming youth.

MENTOR.

'Twere better, sure, his earliest youth were seized
By Death's relentless hand, such deeds performed
As suit his mighty race, and might enroll
His glorious name in Fame's immortal page,
Than to remain unheard, unknown, unpraised,
Eternal years to feed the wanton love
Of a fond Nymph, and fill the menial train.

CALYPSO.

That lot were glorious for an earth-born prince.
But, Mentor, know, myself will deign reward
The youthful hero's toils. As ocean's queen,
Joined her high godhead with a mortal's fate,
And Earth and Heaven approved the unequal choice.

MENTOR.

MENTOR.

Goddeſs, with fear I ſpeak.—The raſh young prince,
Hath vowed his faithful and eternal love,
To the ſoft beauties of a blooming Nymph.

CALYPSO.

Am I Calypſo, and thou moveſt thy tongue
In rude unhallowed accents, and forged tales,
Nor feareſt the vengeance that can blaſt thy life?
But hence, and quit my fight, nor longer dare
Pollute theſe ſcenes with thy forbidden ſteps.

[Exit MENTOR.]

Heard ye, my gentle Nymphs, the dull device?
I know the practiced arts of peeviſh age,
Ever averſe to youth's delightful ſports.
He means that I ſhould drive—Where's Eucharis?
I ſee not her amid the virgin train.
Who knows? who late hath ſeen her? Speak this inſtant?

OPIS.

Goddeſs, within the thicket of a grove
I ſaw the nymph, and hailed with diſtant voice.
But ſhe with looks averſe, and haſty ſteps
Retreated from my fight, and ſoon was loſt.

CALYPSO.

Then, by yon heavens, old Mentor's tale was true.
Death on my ſoul! but ſoft. Speak yet again—
Thou haſt miſtaken ſure; again bethink thee—

Think of the avenging thunder of my wrath,
 Should she have dared—And she hath ever been
 Gentle and soft—perhaps 'tis that hath touched
 His un aspiring heart—base, groveling boy—
 Call Eucharis—no—stay. She shall not see
 That she hath power—yet haste. I'll calm my breast
 And with cool patience—No. With tenfold rage
 I'll execute my fell revenge. Yet first
 With piercing eyes I'll search the doubtful crime.
 'Tis man's to err. The Gods are just in vengeance.

PARTHENOPE.

My Queen, perhaps the gentle Nymph not heard
 Her sister's voice : perhaps her hasty steps
 Were chance directed. And 'tis sure her mind
 Is innocent and soft : and none adores
 Her royal mistress with more simple heart,
 More fervent zeal, more reverential awe.

CALYPSO.

Yes, you have reason. I have been too rash.
 Her artless innocence, and soft demeanor,
 Have often claimed my love. And would she dare
 To rival me ? Besides her trivial charms,
 Her weak and simple mind—But then what meant
 That old ungracious dotard ? why is she,
 Of all the train, alone and unaccustomed
 Far from the wonted scene ? can this be chance ?
 And yet it may—but—O the curse of doubt !
 When what within an hour shall make, or mar

Our

Our utmost bliss, lies hid beyond the sight
 Confused in darkness, or, perplexed, in error.
 Be that for mortals. I'll be strait resolved.
 Command the stripling to attend my throne.

P A R T H E N O P E.

Permit your favoured virgin, mighty Queen,
 A moment's space, thus, on my suppliant knee,
 With humblest counsel to detain your ear.
 Delay awhile to see the youthful prince.
 My gracious Queen at this ill-fated hour
 Is all disturbed: her godlike mind enflamed
 With just suspicions, and alarming fears.
 Let not the youth see this exalted spirit,
 This noblest image of eternal Jove,
 Distempered thus, and feed his wanton pride,—

C A L Y P S O.

I'll humble it—degenerate trivial boy!
 His mighty fire—but he was wise and great—
 But fear me not—my native conscious worth,
 My high preeminence, my just contempt—
 For do I wake? And doth a mortal boy
 Reject my love, and feed my rival's hope?
 She too my menial slave? O Rage! O Shame!
 O worse than death to think! Avenging Furies,
 Rise from the deep! Ye ministers of Jove,
 Who blast with evil yon devoted world;
 Who give the sun to burn; the skies to parch
 With torturing cold; whose heaven-directed hands

H

Impregnate

Impregnate Air with storms, Earth's womb with fires,
 And pour destruction on the unsheltered head
 Of wretched man; henceforth with equal sway
 Reign in Calypso's isle: deform each scene
 Of past delight. Scatter with plenteous hands
 The seeds of desolation, and each pest
 That harrafs human race. Within my soul
 All is confusion, torture, and despair:
 Let all without conform. Let all conspire
 To fill my bitter cup, and execute
 The dread behests of unrelenting Jove.

SEMICHORUS.

O fatal hour! O wretched ill-starred Nymphs!
 O mighty Queen, with pure devoted hearts
 Share we thy sorrows, as we shared thy bliss.
 Those hearts shall ne'er again the feeblest ray
 Of joy enlighten, of soft pleasure reach,
 While thine immortal mind unharmonized
 Flies from its wonted calm, the unworthy sport
 Of raging grief, and passion's jarring sway.

CALYPSO.

Be comforted, my best, my gentlest Nymphs;
 Nor doubt your Goddess shall again resume
 Her lofty nature, and the sacred stamp
 And characters of high Divinity.
 But know whate'er æthereal rays of fire,
 The' Almighty power hath mixed with earthly mould,
 On these, with force proportioned to their strength,

The

The stormy passions, dire intestine foes,
 Wage endless war; to' eclipse their heavenly light,
 And stop each source of bliss. To these weak man
 Yields him an easy prey, and basely treads
 What way they lead with unresisting feet.
 But I, your Queen, of essence more refined,
 Powers more capacious, feel the dire assail
 With tenfold rage, and tortures not conceived
 By mortal minds; yet soon superior rise,
 Soaring with godlike flight, above the reach
 Of this dull world, and all its joys and pains.
 Even now I feel my glorious inborn strength
 Dilate within my breast. Celestial light
 Dawns in my soul, and 'gins diffuse throughout
 Harmonious calm, and pure serene delight.

P A R T H E N O P E.

Goddeſs, obedient to your high command,
 The Prince advances with ſlow-measured ſteps.

C A L Y P S O.

In evil hour. My ſoul had burſt her bonds,
 Towered to the ſkies; and would not mix again
 With the contagion of baſe earthly dregs.
 I will not ſee him—Yet perhaps my fears
 Were groundleſs all, and then—but if they're juſt,
 'Twere beſt—O ill-ſtarred hour—but ſoft, my ſoul—
 Let him approach—I'll arm my godlike mind
 With pure celeftial wiſdom's certain aid;
 And then each paſſion ſhall aſſail my breast,

But as the storm would rend the deep-bas'd rock.
 But he's at hand—and now the danger's near ;
 I feel my strength encrease, mine eyes illumined
 With heavenly light. Methinks it seems even strange
 Such empty toys could e'er have moved my mind
 With passion's rage. Support me to my throne,
 And let the youth at awful distance wait.

C A L Y P S O, T E L E M A C H U S.

Prince, I commanded that your eyes, once more,
 Should view my godlike form ; your ears, again,
 Receive the sounds of an immortal voice.
 A Tyrian vessel near the shore is seen,
 Waiting the prosperous gale ; and Mentor means
 With earliest speed to gain his native shore.
 But your fantastick, wav'ring mind, he says,
 Again hath changed. You will not sail with him.
 Here then remain. The blissful isle shall pour
 Her choicest treasures to compleat your joys.
 But mark my sovereign will. With freedom sport
 Amid the menial train : but shun my steps.
 With watchful care. come not within the ken
 Of my quick sight. if e'er we meet, you perish.
 [He offers to go.
 Return—And dare you thus depart unheard
 In haughty silence ; with disdainful brow ?
 Had my words nought that might alarm your mind ;
 That claimed your answer ? I command you, Speak.
 Yet hear me—dare not for thy life conceive,

Even

Even in the deep recesses of thy heart—
I know not what—I pause for thy reply.

TELEMACHUS.

Most powerful Queen, amid the alarms of War,
Oft have I stood with calm untroubled breast;
Oft seen the boistrous rage of winds and waves
Harrafs my bark, and rend the shattered planks,
Nor in those perilous moments learned to fear.
But when the Gods, enraged, on mortals frown,
'Tis impious to be brave. Meek sacred awe
Restrained my speech, and checked my faulting tongue.
Nor less hath heartfelt grief amazed my soul.
Ye stern relentless Fates, I feel your wrath.
Exert its fury, and compleat my woes:
Those woes ne'er yet suspended from my date
Of infant weakness, to this ill-starred hour,
That sheds its blackest influence on my head.
Ye mighty powers, who form our helpless frame,
Why was I made to suffer endless pains?
Are ye, great Gods, more blest from human cares?
Or who shall profit from my wretched life?
Long have I struggled with the tyrannous hate
Of vile perfidious man; long stemmed the torrent
Of human pride, and cruelty, and rage:
At length escaped from these my wayward stars,
Have thrown the wandering outcast of yon world
Amidst immortal powers, to blast their peace,
And form the wretched object of their hate.
But all shall rest at last; my wearied head

Shall!

Shall to its blest and peaceful mansion sink,
 With old Arceſius in the ſilent tomb.
 There ſhall I expiate thoſe my unknown crimes,
 That make even Gods my foes. My ſenſeleſs limbs
 In peace ſhall glut the worms, no more to offend
 Injurious man, or bleſt immortal powers.
 Pardon, great Queen, the' o'erflowings of a breaſt
 Surcharged with woes. but this ill-omened hour—

CALYPSO.

Oh you have pierced my heart: my ſoul diſſolves
 In ſoft compaſſion, and unbounded love.
 No, gentleſt charming youth, thou waſt not formed
 To move the rage of Gods, or bear their hate.
 But to be loved with tender fond deſires,
 Boundleſs and vaſt as thine attractive charms.
 Oh think not, beauteous youth, (thou didſt not ſure)
 That I would be the ſtern deteſted tyrant,
 The torturing fury to deſtroy thy peace.
 No, I would fill each day, each hour, each point
 Of fleeting time with ſuch exalted joys,
 Such vaſt delights—and couldſt thou fear my rage?
 Alas! that rage was but the' exceſs of love.
 Now canſt thou ſee the Goddeſs or the Queen,
 In my demeanor or commanding brow?
 No: Ill renounce my bright ſuperior glories,
 My high preeminence, my lofty nature:
 Thou ſhalt be great alone. I'll but preſerve
 The ſweet delightful power to make thee bleſt;
 Bleſt in my charms and condeſcending love.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS.

Goddeſs, I am not worthy of that love.

CALYPSO.

I aſk but thine. No farther is thy care.

TELEMACHUS.

Honour unbounded, gratitude unfeigned,
Deep adoration, and ſubmiſſive awe,
Theſe do I hourly yield from pureſt heart :
My love I cannot give.

CALYPSO.

Perhaps ſome nymph
With fainter charms hath pierced your gentle breaſt.
If ſo, declare it with untroubled voice :
Fear not mine anger. I am wiſe and juſt.

TELEMACHUS.

Goddeſs, unweeting of offence to you,
Nor having learned I was not free of mind,
Elſewhere I have engaged my faithful vows.

CALYPSO.

You have done wiſely—yes—'twas wiſely done—
And I'll approve it—yes—I'll diſappoint
Your arrogant hopes—You wiſh to ſhake my breaſt :
With ſtorms of rage—I know your haughty ſoul ;
Your pride of ſex—'tis not another's love,

But

But your despight of me that prompts your tongue ;
 Your rude unlicensed tongue. Yet I am calm
 As Ocean's stream when Amphitrite smiles.
 Nay, I rejoice—My slave's a paramour,
 More fit for thee than her exalted Queen.
 Come, I'll unite you. Where's the beauteous Nymph,
 Whose brighter charms have gained the prize from mine?
 Who is't? if e'er you hope my pardon, say.

T E L E M A C H U S.

'Tis Eucharis, bright Queen, whose humbler soul
 More paired to mine; and whose less dazzling charms
 Besit a mortal's bed, that hath engaged
 My faithful vows, and fixed my worthless heart.

C A L Y P S O.

'Tis Eucharis whom you prefer to me?
 The meanest Nymph of all the virgin train,
 The least in beauty, least endowed in mind?
 But her feigned meekness, and dissembling arts,
 Have won thine easy heart, poor simple youth!
 And what am I—but 'tis beneath my thoughts—
 But yet 'tis strange—perverse misjudging boy—
 My slave preferred to me—O the blest Gods—
 And can it be?—then I'll display in act,
 My glorious godhead and superior soul;
 I'll give my happier rival to thine arms;
 Thy fond encircling arms—No—rather sink
 This once loved mansion to the deep abyss
 Of hoary ocean—rather thou and I,

And

And all the train perish in endless ruin,
 Pierced by the eternal thunderbolts of Jove.
 At least the slave shall expiate her crimes.
 I'll blast the beauties that have touched thine heart :
 The accursed charms—I'll tear her mangled corse,
 And glut the ravening vulturs with her limbs.
 Where is the traitress? Eucharis, come forth.

TELEMACHUS.

O spare her innocence—Me—me great Queen—
 I am the accursed wretch—on me shower down
 Your heaviest vengeance—I was born to suffer—
 But she—soft tender maid, your very frown
 Would rack her gentle soul—O she adores,
 Like heaven, her sovereign Queen--nor hath she sinned--
 And you are good and just—O gracious Queen,
 Behold me prostrate on the suppliant earth—

CALYPSO.

There lie, base wretch, and glut my just disdain;
 My furious rage, my fell avenging hate.
 Aye—shrink and tremble—thou that hast refused
 The proffered love of an immortal Queen—
 But I'll deserve your hate—With joy I see
 Black gloomy passion, and dissembled rage
 Lurk in thy dastard soul. And, by yon heaven,
 'Tis far more grateful to mine outraged heart,
 Than e'er had been thy love—vile groveling wretch—
 Seest thou how low thy base misjudging mind,
 Have sunk an heavenly, and once glorious Power?

I

Levelled

Levelled with brutes, and classed beneath ev'n thee,
 Mean as thou art, and trembling at my feet?
 Seest thou what storms thy frantick love hath raised
 In this once blissful seat?

TELEMACHUS.

I do, great queen;
 And with such dreadful agonies of soul,
 That, as I am a man, I scarce conceive
 My mortal nature can support them long.

CALYPSO.

O I have done enough; the work of Hell,
 Fiend as I am, and sport of envious powers!
 Rise then, poor suffering youth, and let me sooth,
 With love's soft balm, the wounds myself have made.
 Alas! thy beauteous countenance is changed;
 Thy fixed and languid eye forgets its sense,
 Thy nerves are slackned, and cold trembling drops
 Bedew thy faded cheeks. O calm, sweet youth,
 The tender fears of thine heroick breast,
 Oh, 'tis not thou, nor that sweet innocent,
 That have deserved my blame. But mighty Jove,
 Whose uncontrouled behests, and powerful arm,
 Through all the regions of this earthly globe,
 Have paired fond hope with false or fleeting good,
 And fierce desire with impotence to attain.
 But be thou calm. for, by yon heaven I swear,
 The Nymph whose worthy charms have touched thine
 Never shall prove my rage. Be thou composed, [heart,
 And

And Eucharis shall be, next thee, sweet youth,
Dear to my sight, and nearest to my heart.
Say then thy breast is calm, I'll strait retire.

TELEMACHUS.

Never, O never, while that godlike mind,
Shall deign to cast one ineffectual thought,
On this abandoned, and ill-fated wretch.

CALYPSO.

Think not of me. My soul hath inward powers
Which (the fierce storms of passion once allayed)
Bear me securely with exalted flight
To nobler joys, and realms of certain bliss.
And here by Styx' tremendous flood I swear,
(And who hath sworn by Styx, hath vowed to truth)
No more with Passion's uncontrouled assault,
To vex thy mind, or interrupt thy love:
But to expect with patient heart, the course
The Fates have purposed. Which I may discern
(As oft my soul foresees some great event,
Tho' faintly, and obscured with darkning clouds)
With swift career, and fixed determin'd bent
Brings on the crisis of our future lot.
Ere night shall all be harmony and love,
Within the circle of these winding shores.
And (or mine inward fight hath grossly erred)
The farthest limits of yon yellow sands,
Fresh from the moisture of retiring ebb,
Receive deep prints of slow departing feet,

These of a mortal, those a leading God.
 Thus have my nobler powers at length prevailed
 O'er my weak nature. And my soul, but now
 Savage and wild as is the lion's mate
 Robbed of her young, is all serene and calm,
 As the blest Gods that gird the throne of Jove,
 Filled with his light, and conscious of his presence.
 Farewel. be thou too wise, and be at peace.
 [Exeunt severally.]

S E M I C H O R U S advance from a little distance
 to which they had retired.

T H A L I A sings.

My Lute, my sweet harmonious Lute,
 Framed erst in happier hour,
 And ever wont thy trembling strings to employ
 In airy descants, sounds of joy;
 Hast thou, sweet Lute, the power
 To grate harsh discords on thy warbling shell?
 Can there within thee dwell,
 What may express
 Horror, rage, fear, grief, distress?
 Hast thou rough notes to suit
 Loud lament, shrill screams, dire yell?
 For such should now resound amid the grove,
 So late the seat of harmony and love.

O P I S sings.

Ye verdant lawns, my late delight,
 Prest by my nimble, or my sauntering feet!

Ye

BEROE fings.

4

TELEMACHUS.

In dark tempestuous cloud :
 There be deep thunder stored,
 Thence roaring tempests poured :
 All Nature's charms combine in vain to please ;
 Or storms to vex the mind that's ill at ease.

PARTHENOPE sings.

For me, I'd change this sweet domain,
 For some wild dreary plain,
 O'erspread with barren turf,
 Foul with dank weeds, or crusted o'er with scurf :
 Far from each spangled cave or grot,
 Contented lay my wearied head,
 In lonely hut, or straw-built shed,
 And love my simple lot,
 Wouldst thou, Tranquillity, compose
 My breast in ever calm repose.
 Return soft Queen again
 To banish Passion's furious reign.
 And if that fiend escaped from hell,
 In earth's domains must ever dwell
 O let her unextinguished rage,
 Man's fierce congenial soul engage :
 With stern alarms,
 Summon the savage clans to arms,
 And in dire scenes of blood and dust,
 Glut amid wounds and death her ravening lust :
 But spare to afflict the tender sense,
 Of meek and virgin innocence ;
 To ravage these bright scenes forbear,
 Nor blast the joys that may with heaven compare.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS, and EUCHARIS, meeting.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh Eucharis, sweet charming Eucharis,
The Gods, the' all powerful Gods—O heavenly form,
And shall these eyes no more?—O beauteous Nymph,
The cruel Gods—but no, the Gods are kind—
The Gods indulge me this one moment's bliss,
More worth than all that's past of former date—
O may I ne'er survive the accursed hour
That ends my joy, and tears me from my love.

EUCHARIS.

Alas, my lord, what means this fearful sight?
Why are your looks thus wild, your words thus rash?—
Will you not speak, and ease my tortured heart?

TELEMACHUS.

Oh, yes, I'll tell thee all. that vain old man,
That prating Mentor—that dull doating fool—
And yet he loves me—but—Calypso too—
Yes—Men and Gods—yes, Earth and Heaven, and Hell,
All have conspired against my innocent youth,
To rack my soul and drive me to despair.

EUCHARIS:

O wretched me! I hoped whene'er we met,
The doubts and fears, that lurked within my breast,
Should cease, and yield to pleasure's softest sense.

You

You said, my Lord, and sure I thought, 'twas sweet,
 To hold fond converse, and to plight our vows.
 Why are we changed? what hinders but we sooth
 Our tender hearts, with those repeated joys,
 That late diffused new life throughout my soul?
 Am I so soon grown worthless in your sight?
 Are these my promised joys? is this to love?

TELEMACHUS.

This 'tis to love—to find some heavenly object,
 Some brightest pattern of excelling nature—
 To form fond hopes—to burn with fierce desire—
 To' admire the beauteous maid—to' adore her charms
 With each collected faculty of soul—
 Then to be tortured by old envious fools,
 With all their wayward malice can invent—
 With their dull tedious saws—their babbling wisdom—
 This 'tis to love; and such my wretched lot.

EUCHARIS.

My Lord, if Mentor's speech hath power to vex
 Your gentle breast, can you not shun his steps
 Observed from far; and with your gracious presence
 Bless my soft love, and fond desiring eyes?
 Sure nought to hear from me but what proceeds
 From humblest soul; but what may sooth your mind
 With sweetest joys, if I have such to give.

TELEMACHUS.

O my best love, I know thy tender heart,

Thine

'Thine heavenly mind, thine all excelling worth;
 And hence these sharp, these agonizing pangs,
 That rack my breast with more than corporal pain.
 But I'll attempt to calm my ruffled mind,
 (For 'tis but madness I have uttered yet)
 And plainly tell my griefs. Perhaps 'tis now
 The dreadful crisis of my future fate:
 And all that e'er shall come of good or ill,
 Hangs on a moment's point. 'tis briefly thus.
 Mentor hath seen at dawn a Tyrian Vessel
 Stayed by the calm; and urges my retreat
 From these blest shores, and all I hold most dear.
 Long I resisted, with retorted truth,
 His earnest zeal; at length his nicer art,
 Perhaps pure Reason's unresisted light,
 Baffled my vain attempts, and filled my soul
 With dire alarms, and dark perplexing doubts.
 For never have I dared, from earliest youth,
 To fly from wisdom; nor to close my sight
 On sacred Reason and almighty Truth.

E U C H A R I S.

My Lord, this far exceeds my simple thoughts.
 If Mentor ought hath said of hapless me,
 To raise your doubts of my untainted truth,
 He does me wrong. My heart is free from guile,
 As is this heaven from spot of smallest cloud.
 And sooner shall this azure vault be foul
 With lowring storms, than base and worthless thoughts
 Pollute my faithful love. Be sure, my Lord,

K

That,

That, were I mortal, I'd resign my life,
To calm your mind, and save you from distress.

TELEMACHUS.

And can I leave her? O my wretched fate!
O tyrant Mentor!—O eternal Jove,
View thy own work: thou gavest me reason's light:
'Tis all obscured. what seems this moment true,
The next is false as hell. Thou gavest a heart,
Prompt to discern thy perfect workmanship.
Here have I found it; and my melting soul
Owns, in obedience, thine eternal laws.
I see that wondrous beauty and adore:
And must I cast it from my ravished heart,
Like foul pollution, or unsightly age?
Never, by yon bright sun—but then Calypso—
Her jealous rage—be not alarmed my love—
'Tis nothing—stay suppose—No—Mentor's zeal
Would make that vain—or if—Furies and Fiends,
Infernal Demons drag me to the deep;
[*He throws himself on the earth.*]
If there a hell, 'tis light to what I feel.

EUCHARIS.

O I am lost. his soul is surely fled:
And I shall hear his heavenly voice no more:
If you have sense, my Lord, O raise your eyes,
Comfort my trembling soul—my Lord—my life—
Pity my streaming tears, my tortured heart—

Each.

Each dreadful moment seems an age of woe,
Till you revive—Alas, he answers not—

TELEMACHUS.

Leave me, my love—I am not worth your care.

EUCHARIS.

O say not that. Alas I thought you dead,
And wished that moment I could perish too.

TELEMACHUS.

Leave me, my love. My heart is rent with grief.
If I had ought of comfort to bestow,
I'd give it thee—but sorrow is my lot.

EUCHARIS.

O bid me not forsake my sole support,
Rude as I am, and novice in distress.
At dawn of day I knew not what was grief;
Ere noon my heart is so furcharged with woe,
That as I think 'twere better not to be,
Than feel such dreadful pangs.

TELEMACHUS. Rising.

And I am the cause,
The worthless cause. for me this lovely flower,
Sustains the fury of the pitiless storm;
That tender breast is torn with wrankling thorns;
That heavenly merit made the sport of Hell;
And I the' accursed instrument of pain,

To what I hold far dearer than myself.
 But I'll not bear it long—My gentlest love,
 At length pure reason with returning light,
 Beams on my darkned soul, and points the way
 Not to my peace—That shall I know no more—
 But how to torture least thy tender bosom.
 Let me depart; and let us meekly bear,
 With Wisdom's aid, the pangs of separation,
 And Grief's first onset: 'twill indeed be sharp,
 But each day less by custom's soft degrees,
 And calm submission to eternal Jove.
 But thus to meet; thus gaze upon those charms
 With fond desires; with rapturous delight—
 Then to reflect on Wisdom's awful voice
 That calls me hence: to fear the opposing Gods
 Should tear me from my love; these dreadful thoughts
 Excite such storms, such whirlwinds in my soul,
 As must alarm and harass thy soft breast,
 Far worse than absence. Nor can true delight
 Result from love, unless secure possession
 Confirm the bliss, and promise lasting joys.

E U C H A R I S.

Go then, my Lord: and all the powers of Heaven
 Watch o'er your fate, and bless each prosperous hour!

T E L E M A C H U S.

Oh Eucharis! and hath my faithful love
 Touched you no more, but that I may depart,
 Your eyes scarce moist with tears, your heart composed?

Are you so light, so backward to sustain
The mutual yoke of love; so soon averse
To sooth the tortures of a wretched youth,
And share the pains he suffers but for you?
I deemed I could have born with virtuous spirit,
The bitterest rigors of my wayward fate.
But this unmans me—this o'erwhelms my soul—
To think myself not rooted in thy breast
By firmer ties; to think my love a burthen:
To think thee faithless, and myself despised.

E U C H A R I S.

Alas, my Lord, how hath my heedless speech
Deceived the enlightned judgment of your mind?
I love you more than life. What reason then,
I should seem vile and faithless in your sight?

T E L E M A C H U S.

You bid me go with calm untroubled spirit.

E U C H A R I S.

You said, my Lord, 'twould ease our mutual pains.

T E L E M A C H U S.

And can you wish my absence, Eucharis?
Alas! would my departure ease your pain?

E U C H A R I S.

No, my best Lord—'twould rend my heart with grief.
But since I learned to love, I've lost all care

Of

Of my vile self. Nothing to me seems good,
 There is no pleasure, nothing worth desire
 But what you wish, but what would make you blest.
 Should you depart, my Lord, this blissful isle
 Were sweet no more. each source of past delight
 Tasteless and flat—I'd spend my lonely days
 In sighs and tears; the tedious sleepless nights,
 In fond remembrance of our tender love.
 But that my folly should direct your wife,
 Your lofty mind—that I should wish your ill
 To lessen my distress—could this be love?
 'Twere hatred rather, if my thoughts are just.

TELEMACHUS.

'Then all's decided, and my doom is fixed.
 My mortal nature sinks beneath the assault;
 The mighty torrent overwhelms my soul
 With all its powers. I quit the' unequal conflict;
 I strive no more with fate. And Thou, great Jove,
 Author of all we see; Almighty cause
 Of this inexplicable frame of things;
 If thou hast formed our weak and helpless race
 But to be vexed; hast planted in the breast,
 Our raging passions but to be controuled;
 If thou hast placed within a mortal grasp,
 Good to be spurned, and beauty to be loathed;
 With humble reverence I adore thy will;
 With meek submission bend beneath thy power:
 Blast me with lightnings; launce the avenging bolt;
 Shiver my limbs, and mix me with the dust;

I call

TELEMACHUS.

71

I call thee not unjust: I murmur not—
But to forsake this beauteous tender maid—
Can I lift Offa? Can I wield Olympus?
Can yon bright sun desert his glorious sphere,
To gild the gloomy regions of the dead?
No, my best love—sole charm of these fond eyes;
Sole comfort of this vexed, this tortured heart—
Ha! Mentor near? but in good hour he comes
To hear my last resolves. go then, my 'love;
I'll soon rejoin thee ne'er again to part.

TELEMACHUS, MENTOR.

Mentor, the lot is cast. my choice is fixed.
I yield my soul to love. Then fare thee well.
I know 'tis folly. so it seems to thee.
And thou art wise—thy wisdom be thy guide.
I know thy thoughts—but waste not time in words;
Nor dare reproach my choice. what then remains?
Here let us part. farewell, farewell for ever. [Going.]

MENTOR.

My Prince, I've often born you in these arms,
A pleasing weight; oft have you called me father,
With lisping accents and uncertain sounds.
O let me not forsake my prince, my son,
Without the comfort of a last embrace.

TELEMACHUS.

O think not, Mentor, I forget thy cares,

Thy fond affection with ungrateful heart.
 Think me not altered in my filial love:
 But all is altered else—my soul itself—
 The fates—perhaps I wish 'twere otherwise—
 But we must part. come then, embrace thy Prince:
 But shew thy wonted constancy, nor vex
 My sadden'd soul with unavailing grief.

M E N T O R.

Must I then tell, amid the heroick band,
 The youthful rivals of your glorious toils,
 That I forsook my prince, my royal charge,
 Immersed in sloth, in worthless mean delights,
 Amidst a bevy of inglorious women?
 Must I be witness of their envious taunts,
 Their triumphs ill concealed, their foul contempt?

T E L E M A C H U S.

And who shall dare despise Ulysses son?—
 But what imports me a vile prating crew?—
 Contempt! and have I lived to hear the word
 Joined with my name?—but dost thou think, old man—
 But tell me not thy thoughts—Contempt!—'Tis well
 Thou wert the guardian of my helpless age—

M E N T O R.

Let me embrace my prince. I'll not offend
 His generous mind with harsh ungrateful truths.
 Let me depart.

T E L E -

TELEMACHUS.

No : dare not for thy life.

Retract thy slanderous charge that wounds my soul,
As would the scorpion's sting my tortured flesh.
Say, who shall dare despise me ? who but thou
E'er found my name without the hero's meed,
Well earned applause ?

MENTOR.

Can you believe, my Prince,
(Consult your reason ; search your noble heart)
Glory will e'er result to vigorous youth,
From wanton dalliance, and lascivious ease ?

TELEMACHUS.

Glory ? I reckon not of it. 'tis a light
That shines but to mislead our hapless race :
An empty name ; an unsubstantial phantom,
That hath nought real but the pains it brings.
Glory and wisdom—I renounce them both,
What thou callest wisdom ; the froward envious zeal
Of peevish age.

MENTOR.

Then, base degenerate boy,
I leave thy youth to infamy and shame,
The scorn of earth, the avenging wrath of heaven.
Hear me, and tremble, if thou art a man :
For can thy frowns and impotence of rage,

L

Poor

Poor simple youth, controul the will of Jove,
 Or blast the unalterable laws of Truth?
 Despised by men, abandoned by the Gods,
 Helpless, forlorn, and tortured by remorse,
 Here fix thy seat in this unmanly scene:
 Here seek thy comfort from a whining nymph,
 The sole poor worthless refuge thou hast left;
 Thy virtue yielded to the meanest bribe
 That e'er seduced a prince from honour's path. [*Going.*]

TELEMACHUS.

Stay, I conjure thee, Mentor; leave me not.
 If thou hast uttered truth (and oh! my soul,
 My conscious soul avows each dreadful word)
 What is that reptile man—ye mighty Gods,
 And what am I?—a vain unbalanced cloud,
 Sport of each blast of Heaven; a shackled slave,
 Slave of I know not whom; a groveling worm—
 Groveling and mean in act; yet infinite
 In vast capacious powers to suffer ill,
 To leave my beauteous love—to live despised—
 What fiend has led me to this desperate pass,
 This certain misery?—who placed my youth,
 Weak and defenceless, 'twixt the ravening jaws
 Of a wild savage, and the roaring sea?
 I see the danger now; I feel its terrors
 Harrow my soul. Now then, old man, rejoice
 For thou hast conquered: give thy triumph loose;
 Trample thy prostrate foe. I yield to truth;
 I think as thou—I feel such dreadful pangs,

As would even touch thy rigorous savage virtue,
Could'st thou conceive them. Yes, almighty Jove,
Whose sport are mortal pains, I well fulfill
My being's end; thus tortured, as I think,
In full proportion to thy boundless power.

MENTOR.

Alas, my Prince! the royal Dame felt less,
When you saw light, than doth your faithful Mentor,
To see you struggling thus with tortured heart,
'Twixt native virtue, and the ensnaring toils
Of foul destroying vice. The fight how sharp!
The conquest how sublime! come then, my Son!
My Prince! my Soldier! calm your noble heart;
Recall your scattered reason; be composed.

TELEMACHUS.

I will—I am—amid the boistrous storm,
Calm and composed—why not?—like thee I ween,
When late the thundring tempests roared amain,
And the chafed ocean warred against our bark.
Then you, serene as on that verdant turf
You view my tortures—You indeed were calm—
The wise and steady soul—what was't you said?
Something sublime and great—and what you said
I'll bring to act—forfake that heavenly maid
Without a sigh—how easy is the task?
What choice 'twixt virtue and a blooming nymph?
Men should be gods; and youth like withered age;
And I like Mentor—Am I now composed?

Is my brow smooth? and have I well fulfilled
The lofty dictates of thy perfect soul?

MENTOR.

Alas, my Prince!

TELEMACHUS.

O Mentor, give me death; [*Kneeling.*
I merit not to live. I see my crime,
Yet cannot with my heart were innocent.
I cannot fly: to stay is endless woe.
But I can meet my death with stedfast heart.
I may be torn from earth and from my love,
But not forsake them. each attempt were vain.

MENTOR raising and embracing him.

Most generous godlike youth! you have not erred;
Have not yet erred. As yet there is no crime.
'Tis now the crisis, now the solemn proof,
If you be great and worthy your high race,
Or of the vulgar herd, the unnumbered millions
That sink and grovel in their native dust,
And ne'er affect the skies. Attend, my Prince.
Is he called brave whose unexperienced breast
Ne'er proved the dangers of the foughten field?
Give we to him the name of mighty king,
Whose days have passed in the sequestered vale
Of humble solitude? The alarms of war
Fashion the hero: toils of royalty
The glorious monarch: fierce assaults of passion

The

The virtuous man, for who but would be wise,
 If ne'er solicited by Folly's charms?
 He is not good who ne'er was lured to ill.
 But when the fair and specious form of Vice
 Hath caught the roving eye, with swift approach
 Seized on the mind, and kindled fierce desires,
 Darkned the soul, and baffled judgment's power;
 Then to recall the wandering headlong steps,
 Ere they have reached the dire abode of guilt:
 Then to reflect; then with deliberate act,
 Tho' with distracted heart renounce their wish,
 Such is the wisdom of the great and good.
 To' incline to ill that ne'er shall be embraced,
 Is Virtue's proof. Such blest occasion now
 Holds forth to thee, brave Prince, the eternal crown,
 The glorious meed of Mortal's noblest toil.

TELEMACHUS.

O Mentor, those were happy golden days,
 When you poured forth the treasures of your wisdom
 To my unbiassed ear.

MENTOR.

They were, my prince;
 Your soul was ever noble, and the powers
 Vigorous and quick of your exalted mind.

TELEMACHUS.

Alas! how soon destroyed! like some fair city,
 Her rulers slain, her empire overthrown,
 And

And all her lofty battlements and towers,
Prostrate and levelled by the insulting foe,
Never to rise again.

MENTOR.

Rather, my Prince,
Like some strong citadel perchance surprized
By rash adventure, Soon she recollects
Her scattered forces; soon destruction pours
On those audacious; and by just reverse
Adds to her fair domain, their subject lands,
Their plundered wealth, and double share of strength.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh Eucharis! my father, my dear father,
[Embracing him.]
Pity thy son. my sufferings are too sharp.

MENTOR.

I do, my son! the conflict is severe;
What else were virtue?

TELEMACHUS.

Is it more than name?

MENTOR.

Hear me, my Prince, and be yourself the judge.
To' indulge your love will yield you transient pleasures,
Those checked by virtuous thoughts, and followed soon
By dull satiety and sharp remorse.
Be sure that vice allures her votaries

By

By raging fierce desires; yet ever pays
Their weak compliance with poor scanty measure
Of disproportioned good. What hath this isle,
The blind outrageous passion once indulged,
To gratify thy vast aspiring soul
Through endless years. But on Hesperia's coast
(Believe Minerva speaking with my mouth)
Far other good awaits thy nobler choice,
Far other joys. I see in mystick vision
The valiant armies clad in bright array
Thronging the shore. Their brave experienced chiefs,
Even Philoctetes great from Ilium's fall;
Even sage old Nestor, and the martial pride
Of fierce Phalantus; these victorious kings
Cast their expecting eyes o'er Ocean's deep,
To ken the vessel loaded with such freight,
As what brought Pyrrhus to the flames of Troy.
For thou, from shrines oracular they learn,
Alone canst crown their toil: their treacherous foe
Mighty in arms, unmatched in arts of war,
Ne'er meet his fate from other spear than thine.
But in his native realm, forlorn, distressed,
Thy glorious sire expects his conquering son;
To fold within his arms the valiant heir
Of his bright glory; by thy faithful aid
To ascend his throne, and (the vile herd dispersed)
Find in his Queen's chaste love, and in thy worth,
The blest reward of his heroick toils.

TELEMACHUS.

I hear the voice of heaven. My heart is awed
 As if eternal Jove address'd mine ear
 In peals of thunder. I'll away with thee
 Far from this dangerous scene. My soul is roused
 As from a dream in wild astonishment.
 O heaven and earth, in what abyss of woe
 May desperate blindness plunge our hapless race!

MENTOR.

It may indeed.

TELEMACHUS.

My friend, my more than father,
 Blest guardian of my fame, my peace, my virtue,
 How shall I thank thee?

MENTOR.

By immediate flight.

TELEMACHUS.

O doubt it not. My soul is overwhelmed
 When I reflect—My father in distress—
 My virtuous mother—into what perdition
 Was I just fallen?—A thousand thronging thoughts
 Crowd on my mind, and labour in my breast,
 Too vast for utterance—is the ship yet stayed?
 Are you assured of that? I would not hear
 She 'had loosed her anchor for a thousand worlds.

MENTOR.

TELEMACHUS.

81

MENTOR.

The calm yet broods o'er Ocean's shining waves.

TELEMACHUS.

Go then, my Father, and prepare your oars.
I will but take my leave, and follow strait:
For Eucharis is soft, and will with ease
Consent I should depart. Wisdom, and Truth,
And Virtue are congenial to her mind.

MENTOR.

You trifle with your fate.

TELEMACHUS.

What should I do?

MENTOR.

This instant fly with me, nor look behind.

TELEMACHUS.

Nay, Mentor, now you're in the' extremes severe,
What needs this haste? My soul is fixed as fate:
But with such rashness to embrace even good,
With blind precipitation thus retire,
Is but at best to steal a victory.
I would be greater: shew the strength of virtue:
With calm deliberation make my choice:
Part from my love with solemn steadfastness;

M

Nor

Nor owe my wisdom to a sudden start
Of headlong passion.

MENTOR.

You deceive yourself :
None e'er subdued, who reasoned with their love.
That conquest lies in flight.

TELEMACHUS.

Perhaps it does :
But I've a thousand tender things to say
That virtue not forbids. Thou little knowest
The nice sensations of a lover's mind.
I must assure her (but can words express ?)
With what distracting agonies of soul
I am torn from her : and what harm's in this ?—
To breath my last farewell ! to mix my tears
With her's, sweet heavenly Nymph ! thou little knowest.
What I renounce—soft tender faithful maid,
Soul of my soul ! O she is all perfection !
But thou art blind—I swear thou couldest not else.
Be thus remorseless. No, that lovely virgin
Hadst thou the common feelings of our race—
But nature formed thee—On my soul, I think
Thou wouldest behold unmoved my mangled limbs
Quivering in death—

MENTOR.

Where is thy wisdom now ?
Think on thy father, think on glory's charms.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS.

Well, I'll be calm. But that my tender Love
 Should think me false; should think that ought on earth
 But sacred Virtue could divide me from her:
 That I should part without a last embrace;
 That I should view no more (O heaven and earth)
 That beauteous form; or mix once more my soul
 In tender union with her faithful heart,
 Thou canst not sure require. Or if thou dost,
 I'll stay for ever and defy my fate.

MENTOR.

This is the very height and rage of love.
 Still are you struggling in the fatal toils;
 Still are you tott'ring on the verge of ruin,
 Nor see the gulf beneath. Be warned, my son.
 I see the Nymphs advance. retire with me.
 Your mind is ruffled yet, and ill prepared
 To' oppose the fierce assault of beauty's charms;
 Of frantick love. A single tear would now
 Disarm your mind, and blast each wise resolve.
 This is the important hour. Be sure, my Prince,
 One single step in virtue or in vice
 Oft forms the votary of heaven or hell.
 Each moment has its duty. that discharged
 The Gods applaud and smooth the future way:
 But blast the rash offender with their curse,
 And dire events ensue. collect thy strength:

M 2

This

This moment's thine. renounce thy vain desire :
Be virtuous now : commit the rest to heaven.

TELEMACHUS.

I give consent. prescribe the painful task,
And I'll discharge it.

MENITOR.

'Tis to' avoid the Nymph ;
At least till reason hath regained her throne,
And fixed her empire stronger in your soul.
Let us withdraw ; and climb yon shaggy rock
That stretches o'er the deep. thence view the ship
That shall restore thee to thy father's arms,
To fame, to virtue, to eternal bliss.

TELEMACHUS.

Lead on : I'll follow with determined step.
My feet shall bear me, tho' my heart resist.
Oh Eucharis ! Now, Jove, thou art obeyed.
Haste, haste ; ere I recall the extorted vow,
For sharpest torments rack my wav'ring soul. [*Exeunt.*]

SEMICHORUS on each side meeting.

CLIO.

Parthenope, our task is done,
Long or ere the ascending sun
His unbent beams hath 'gan to shower,
From his high meridian tower.

With

With nimble feet and prosperous toil,
 Have we trod each fruitful soil;
 Not a shaft, with aim untrue,
 Hath bent in vain the circling yew;
 But many a tenant of the sky
 The mid-day banquet shall supply
 For him, to whose still mortal sense
 Ambrosia may not yet dispense
 Her heavenly sweets. Each herb we bring,
 And plenteous fruits of fragrant taste,
 Meet to crown the rich repast:
 Daily children of the Spring,
 Whose influence bland, and constant smile,
 For ever gilds Calypso's isle.

But hapless Ino still remains
 Alone with unrewarded pains;
 And treads the water's yellow side,
 Moist'ned with the swelling tide;
 There, where Tritons wont to heap,
 With bounteous and unsparing hand,
 Upon the bosom of the strand,
 The shining treasures of the deep.
 Pearls, old Ocean's native boast;
 Bright amethyst, or emerald's ray,
 In vain from India's farthest coast,
 Sent to diffuse their radiant glow,
 O'er virgin's charms or monarch's brow;
 Diamonds, the merchant's richest prey,
 Whose strong-ribbed Bark, in evil hour,
 Some mighty delegated power

Of injured Justice hath consigned
 To tempests and avenging wind;
 Bowed her high mast beneath the flood,
 And sunk her trader's impious gain
 Deep in the bowels of the main,
 The prize of many a watry God.

But haste, fair Nymph, to join the train:
 Thy toils tho' prosperous yet are vain.
 Alone bright Titan drives his car,
 Nor borrows radiance from each star:
 Nor can the milder emerald's rays,
 The ruby's blush, the diamond's blaze,
 With all their various hue and spangled sheen,
 Enhance the brighter beauties of our Queen.

P A R T H E N O P E.

Thus the sweet songster of the sky,
 Poised on his hovering wings,
 With giddy rapture sings;
 Or midst bright sun-beams soars on high,
 In heedless transports and blind extasy:
 Meantime the spoiler, watchful to destroy,
 From his ærial height
 Hath stooped with rapid flight;
 Seized his sweet mate and infant nest,
 The darling treasures of his faithful breast,
 And damped each future joy.

C L I O.

I hear thy words like one by Jove's high will
 Doomed to inevitable ill,

When hideous screams, and dire prophetick cries,
With fatal omens pierce the threatning skies.

O! what hath chanced? for oft suspense
Wounds more than evil that hath reached the sense.

The skies retain their azure bright;

The seas confess their bound:

The sun arrayed with wonted light

Spreads glories all around:

The Prince yet lives. the virgin train

Fear not to die; nor taste of pain.

P A R T H E N O P E.

The sun with wonted lustre shines,

And gilds the smiling plains;

Each element in peaceful union joins,

Bound in firm league, and sympathetick chains.

But is there not some mightier power,
Of fiercer transport, and more subtle force?

Such as in hell's prevailing hour

Suspends the harmonious laws of Jove,

O'errules the counsels of the blest above,

And drives each earthborn agent from his course?

Such is dire passion: such hath late possess'd,

And goads, with tenfold rage, Calypso's breast.

The event is doubtful. but I well foreknow.

Some speedy crisis: fear some instant woe.

At first black clouds obstruct the solar ray,

Hide heaven's bright arch, and intercept the day.

But when within their Stygian womb,

The dread sulphureous fire

Hath mixed each grain and summoned all its ire ;
 Forth bursts the lightning with impetuous shock,
 Blasts the tall pine, and rends the craggy rock ;
 Nor less deep thunders roll around
 Rattling the vaulted gloom ;
 Imperial cities tremble at the sound,
 And prostrate nations deprecate their doom.

Enter I N O.

I saw him fall—support my trembling limbs—
 Fall like a meteor—O I pant for breath—
 His hands expanded and his head reversed,
 Join with the briny waves his godlike form.

P A R T H E N O P E.

Whom, dearest virgin ? Yet awhile forbear :
 Breathless she seems and pale. Awhile respire.
 Then say, what thus hath moved thy tender frame
 With these unwonted signs : the' event to us
 Not less alarming than the fight to thee.

I N O.

Virgins, I long had trod the lessening Strand,
 Waiting the' accustomed freight, when on the rock
 Whose lofty summit far o'er shades his base,
 Mentor appeared ; and soon the youthful Prince
 Stood on its brow, and with extended hand
 Seemed as who viewed some object on the deep.
 Quicker than thought the lofty mountain's head

Burned

Burned with bright fire, whose sharp and piercing flame
 Baffled my sight; I lowered my dazzled eyes,
 And saw the youth at that tremendous moment
 That ends the mortal course, beneath the waves
 Sink deep his graceful head; long, long ere this
 Stified, and breathless in the whelming flood.

PARTHENOPE.

Doubtless the lightning of the eternal Power
 Pierced his weak frame; and 'twas a crime to love.
 Sweet hapless youth! but let me quickly fly,
 And with reluctant tongue, and trembling limbs
 Pour the dire tidings in Calypso's ear.

CLIO.

Virgin, the Queen advances thro' the grove.

PARTHENOPE.

What may this mean? A more than wonted grace
 Sits on her brow; Celestial majesty
 Beams in her eyes, and brightens all her form.
 And at her side, late object of her wrath,
 Fair Eucharis, with meek yet fearless mien,
 Joins with her hand, and measures equal steps.
 With humblest reverence circle round the throne,
 And in deep silence wait her awful speech.

N

CALYPSO.

CALYPSO, EUCHARIS, CHORUS.

CALYPSO.

'The mighty frame of rude unthinking dross;
 This pendant world through all its various forms
 Of earth, of air, of fire, of watry floods;
 Yon azure canopy; the central sun,
 His rolling orbs, and all the spangled fires.
 Whose false dimensions glitter to our sense,
 The first creating power eternal Jove,
 Hourly supports, directs, impels, restrains;
 Else what his mighty plastick hand produced
 Blind chance, wild motion, and rude anarchy
 Quick would subvert, and with destructive rage
 Reduce to Chaos. But far more behoves
 His watchful eye to guard with tenderest care
 The pure, refined, the spiritual, unseen world
 The' immortal mind. whose large capacious powers
 Of tendency sublime, sole worthy seat
 Of good and ill, of misery and bliss,
 Are by strong fate, and stern necessity,
 Placed on the verge of each. this heavenly task
 Minerva shares: and with unbounded power
 Elicites good from ill; damps passion's fire,
 And stops destruction in its full career.
 'Twas she whose heavenly splendor reassumed
 Blazed on the rock: from whence the lovelorn Prince
 Hurl'd by her mighty hand, ere noon shall gain

TELEMACHUS.

21

The Tyrian bark : long in his native clime
Tread virtue's path ; meet happiness unmixt,
And fame's immortal meed. Nor less her mild
And genial influence here shall spread its rays :
Heal what was ill ; enlighten what was dark ;
Calm what was ruffled. hence, from this bright hour
No rage may vex, no vain desire obstruct
What's yet to come of Joy. but each soft Nymph,
Blest in Calypso's ever godlike sway,
Shall reap eternal pleasures in her realm.

11 7 49

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page	Line	
10.	6.	<i>for</i> deceitful <i>r.</i> deceitful.
21.	19.	<i>for</i> treachrous <i>r.</i> treacherous
29.	22.	dearest inclination ? <i>read with a full point.</i>
40.	28.	For that Jove is good, <i>read with an interrogation.</i>
47.	15.	<i>for</i> thicket, <i>r.</i> thickest.

N. B. There are some other errors in pointing, for which I rather beg the reader's indulgence in general than trouble him with farther references.

THE MACHU

The Tyrant's bark : long in his native clime
Tread virtue's path : meet happiness unmixt
And fame's immortal meed, Nor let her mild
And genial influence here shall spread its rays :
I feel what was ill, and yet what was dark
Calm what was ruffled, hence, from this bright hour
No rage may vex, no vain desire afflict
What's yet to come of joy, but each soft Nymph
I see in Gaiety's ever smiling eye
I feel the sweetest pleasure in my soul

THE MACHU

THE MACHU

Page	Line	
101	1	The Tyrant's bark : long in his native clime
101	2	Tread virtue's path : meet happiness unmixt
101	3	And fame's immortal meed, Nor let her mild
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101	5	I feel what was ill, and yet what was dark
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101	7	No rage may vex, no vain desire afflict
101	8	What's yet to come of joy, but each soft Nymph
101	9	I see in Gaiety's ever smiling eye
101	10	I feel the sweetest pleasure in my soul